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IF you want to earn your bread and butter waving a champagne glass in Mr. Ziegfeld's latest cabaret scene, you can go without your breakfast, but you haven't a chance at a job unless your hat has the latest curve and your skirt doesn't look like last year's turned inside out. You've got to look as much like Mrs. Castle as possible, though anxious advertisers beg Mrs. Castle to wear their best, and you have to pay your last cent for them.

ALL the mothers of America sympathize with Mrs. Astor's struggles to bring up her son in a style befitting an Astor—which, of course, allows no economy. She simply can't do it on the twenty thousand a year allotted her; his first two years alone cost \$64,000—\$5,000 for clothes and toys. For, according to Astor standards, even the poodle must have \$2 steaks.



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They Can't Economy On



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NATURALLY, Mr. Burns can't economize on false whiskers. He must wear a new pair every time he tr-r-racks his prey, and they must be of the very best brand—fast colors, warranted not to come off, etc. Perhaps the detective's life is the most extravagant of any. One secret service agent took tea every day for a week in a London restaurant, ordering several dishes of strawberries at five dollars a dish, just to attract the attention of a lady he must meet.

THE thing Nat Goodwin can't economize on is marriage licenses. He has already bought five. In New York a marriage license costs only a dollar; but there are the incidentals—five dollars to the alderman, possibly twenty-five cents car-fare for a honeymoon on the subway; and then, there is also the cost of getting unmarried. The assiduous Mr. Goodwin recalls paying No. 2 twenty thousand in cash in order to prepare for No. 3. But, as he says himself, "hope conquers experience."



Photograph by Paul Thompson.



ils, three things may happen to him: he will e his grammar in the Conning Tower, or the his magazine from the mail. As Mr. Alden, ther editors know, it is the small writer who has such a slender fund of ideas that the loss f his work. Stevenson never objected to cuts; ant enough to stand any amount of shaving. y, does his own blue-penciling.



THE one thing a singer can't economize on is lozenges. Your costume may grow a little seedy, and your hair may need cutting, but you can call that temperament. You can't have temperament, though, that will cost you \$2500 a night—which is Caruso's salary. In fact, Caruso takes good care of himself—never stinting himself on fresh air at least.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.